
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MARCH, 1814.

MRS. YEARSLEY.

MRS. ANN YEARSLEY, well known in the poetical world as a self-instructed votary of the Muses, and as the Milk-Woman of Bristol, possessed an extraordinary degree of genius, abilities, and information, very rarely found in the obscure path of life in which she moved: her talent for poetry was discovered by Mrs. Hannah More, who solicited for her the protection of Mrs. Montague, in a prefatory letter, prefixed to her Poems; in which Mrs. Yearsley is described as never having received the least education, except that her brother had taught her to write. Her mother, who was also a milk-woman, appears to have had sense and piety, and to have given an early tincture of religion to her mind. She married badly to a man whose turn of mind was very different from her own. Repeated losses and a numerous family of six children, in concurrence with a severe winter, reduced them to very low circumstances.

Her poems were published in 1785, in one volume quarto. They appear to be the offspring of a vigorous mind, and abound in imagery and personification; the

structure of her verse is occasionally very harmonious; sometimes redundant; but more frequently obscure from compression and brevity; rarely blemished by false thoughts, distorted images, or incongruous metaphors. In 1787, she published a second collection of Poems on various Subjects. In 1788, she wrote a short poem On the Inhumanity of the Slave Trade. In 1790, Stanzas of Woe, addressed to Levy Eames, Esq. Mayor of Bristol. In 1795, she published a Novel, in four volumes, called The Royal Captives, founded on the History of the Iron Mask, which she adapted to the idea of his being the twin brother of Louis XV. She deviates, however, very greatly from the most prevalent conception of this mysterious personage; and makes him a husband and a father; which affords her an opportunity of introducing the adventures of his wife and son. In 1789, she produced an Historical Tragedy, which was performed at the Bath Theatre, called Earl Goodwin; it was printed in quarto in 1791.

There was at one time a serious misunderstanding between Mrs. Yearsley and Mrs. Hannah More. Report accused Mrs. Yearsley of ingratitude to her benefactor; and of conduct not free from that assuming which many possess who have been raised from obscure situations. It, however, often happens, that those who confer favours are intolerant in their behaviour, and expect too much; they are too apt to be dissatisfied without they experience from their *protégées* the most humiliating and degrading condescension, which is repulsive and offensive in the extreme to persons who are conscious of being gifted by nature with superior intellect, and know of no other difference but that which results from mere chance—the obscurity of their birth.—Some time after she had given up her lowly occupation, she kept a Circulating Library at the Colonade, near the Hot Wells, Bristol, and died at Melksham, Wilts, May 8th, 1806.

C.

THE GOSSIPER. No. XXXII.

" Taught by that power that pities me, I learn to pity them."

GOLDSMITH.

It was a drizzling wet night; I had just parted from a few convivial friends at the Percy; and, buttoning up my coat to the chin, was returning homeward, cheered with the inspiring draughts that I had quaffed, and striving to recollect, in order that I might retail, some of the uncommon good jokes that my facetious companions had vented. It is a pityless night, I exclaimed; heaven shield the poor houseless vagrant; for if it does not, he must perish in such a night as this; but, as Sterne says, " God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb:" this reflection was consolatory to self, but unstimulative of proper exertion. I passed many a miserable object unheeded, who was skulking close to doors, or dared the elements with all the desperation of famine. It is not charity to give to these common beggars, thought I; and passed their solicitations unnoticed. The watch was calling the hour of One; no glimmering star lightened the horizon; the lamps, agitated by the wind, glimmered faintly in their sockets; and a hurricane threatened annihilation to the passenger from the havoc it made among *cockney* gardens, and unriveted chimney pots; I had nearly reached home, when I perceived a female in white leaning against the rails; and I lost no time in addressing her. " Good God!" I exclaimed, " why are you out at such an hour, and in such a night?" In a voice barely utterable, she answered, " From necessity." Gentle reader, whoe'er thou art, start not, I beseech thee; throw not aside the recital I am about to make; imagine not that your ears are to be wounded with a detail that may offend modesty; or that your pity is to be excited for an object undeserving compassion. The de-

luded being who is the subject of this paper has sincerely repented the short-lived criminal pleasures in which she was ensnared, with many a bitter tear, during many a long and weary year of a miserable existence. Born and nourished in the lap of dissipation, no tender mother watched over her morals; no father guarded her like the "apple of his eye." View this poor creature abandoned by the man who ought, at least, to have been her protector; deserted by her own sex, who, knowing the fatal consequences of one false step, might surely have more pity for a fallen sister; but depravity of morals owns no compassion for others, and the poor wretch is left to die unheeded. Conviction too late reaches her heart; but the door of amendment is shut against her, and no remedy is left, but a continuance in sin.

I demanded why she hastened not home. Alas! she could not: the throes of nature had visited her; and, in a situation the most deplorable, in which maternal aid was most wanted to strengthen both body and mind, this poor helpless being was left "to 'bide the pelting of the pityless storm," and to give to the world another miserable being; while many daughters of dissipation were at the same time laying awake on their beds of down, a prey to fancied troubles!—Commiseration had laid strong hold upon me; I offered her my arm; and, at the distance of half a street, led her to her residence. Will you leave her thus? said Pity. What can you do? said Indecision. Take care of temptation, said Caution. It will cost you some money, be assured, said Avarice. And yet you might see if her tale be true, said Curiosity. Go, however, and see, said Inclination. I now turned back; the door was just opened by a woman; I followed, and found myself before a cheerful fire, with the fair unfortunate; she threw herself on a chair;—she cast her eyes upon, and gave me a freezing look, which seemed to say—Are you come to mock me? or Do you mistake my situation? I conjured her to change her wet clothes; I assured her, in the kindest ac-

cents, what were my ideas. Whether she had been unused to the language of compassion, or whether her pains were more than she could bear, I know not; but she burst into tears; and, with my assistance, entered another room; while I, shutting the door, approached the fire, and stamping with my foot, the woman of the house appeared. "Are you not ashamed," said I to the harridan, "to turn out a poor wretch like this, in such a situation?" "Lord, sir," said the devil, "how can I help it? people must live; I wishes to get an *honest lively whood*; I can't dress ladies out for nothing; I meets with heavy losses; wear and tear." What purpose could I promise to myself in talking to such a wretch as this? The most powerful eloquence I could employ, I knew was but of one kind; I therefore pulled out my purse, and giving her a pound note, bade her procure wine immediately. Here then, at two o'clock in the morning, behold me at a house, in an obscure part of the town, where murder might be committed, and robbery accomplished.

The fire, it is true, gave some light on the hearth; it was not blazing for the comfortless, but as an article of trade to the demon of the house;—no candle irradiated the dark angles of this filthy room;—a kitten lay supine on a piece of carpet; a Dutch clock clicked in a corner; a few paltry pictures were put up to cover discoloured walls; one chair, an old sofa, and a few boxes, composed the households; and here and there lay a once pink shoe, or some other tawdry appendage. At length the chamber-door opened, the victim entered, a half-extinguished candle's light played about features that had once been handsome; too handsome, alas! for her future peace. Little did she think, that the admiration so often poured in her ear was a deleterious poison. Her pains, she said, were still acute; but she wanted food, not having touched a morsel that day!!!—The woman entered; the wine was mulled; I made known to her that I came but on a visit of charity; and the nutriment placed before her, she partook of with avidity.

Her story lies within a small compass: she fell a prey to seduction; her mother, shocked at her disgrace, entirely deserted her; she had no friend on earth, save one gentleman, a married man, with six children, who had visited, and given her an admission to an Hospital; but embarrassed as she was with debt, the old wretch would not suffer her to remove till the last moment came. I emptied my purse, which contained but little, on the table; and, promising to call on the morrow, left her, overcome with gratitude: she would have thrown herself at my feet, but I prevented her.

On the following morning, much did I meditate on what I was about to perform. I felt that the task required some exertion; the novelty was ended, and my enthusiasm was lost; and I felt, I trust not singularly for my own credit, lukewarm. At length, I seemed justified in my intentions, and resolved to go on with my work.

I awaited until night should shield me from the prying eyes of others; and then went, and knocked at the door: it was opened by the woman, who said, Miss Meadows was much better, with some ridiculous attempts at compliment for my interference. I found, however, the object very ill. Never did I hear such a tale of woe; which has not, I fear, even novelty to recommend it. She was sent from her mother an infant; left to prowl the streets as inclination might permit; put apprentice to an itinerant flower-maker; set up for herself; became acquainted with the destroyer of her peace; was embarrassed in her affairs; threatened with a prison; the villain stepped in with offers of assistance; she was very unwillingly betrayed; and then left without consolation to her vain regrets, and had no resource but her tears. She wrote to her mother, but received only the most bitter reproaches; for some time the compunctions of virtue visited her, and she determined to return from vice;—bread and water were her sole support; the former, however, was soon denied her, till at length, tempted by affluence, passion, and promises, she

slid deeper into destruction; when, with affected smiles of pleasure on her cheek, but a lacerated heart, her days were spent in sorrow, and her nights in anticipating misery. At length she found herself likely to become a mother, without a friend, without money to purchase necessities. In vain she walked the streets in this state; she was the ridicule of the women, and distasteful to the men. It is true, she had a ticket for an hospital; but, until the day of admittance came, how was she to live? to the woman of the house she owed some money; she was obliged to part from nearly the whole of her clothes, and despair, grim despair, stared her in the face; her agonized condition had no effect upon her unfeeling landlady, who told her there was the street; and if she were too proud to get money, she might starve. Behold then a delicately formed female, with a face still beautiful, doomed to starve all day, and at night arrayed in all the frippery of would-be fashion; subjecting herself to the brutality of Bacchanalians, and *unfeed* watchmen. She in vain wrote again to her mother; no answer was returned; and nothing seemed present to her relief, but to end her wretched life by her own hands. Hear this, ye who revel in meretricious love. Is it thus you delude your victims with your smiles? and is self-gratification to be gained with the ruin of another?

In a few days, she became an eligible object for the charity to which her ticket was to gain her admittance; some little pecuniary aid was still necessary, and I had the heartfelt satisfaction of seeing the poor creature depart with hope, with gratitude, and comparative pleasure. In the mean time, I had written to her mother, but found that appeals to her mercy and affection availed not: her own interest attended to, and the fear of exposure removed, she left her situation in a Nobleman's family, and repaired to the house of one of my tradesmen, where I had appointed to meet her. She would have shed tears, but could not; she affected, indeed, to be a mother, but I found her heart really callous to every maternal sensation

At my desire, she visited the receptacle for Unfortunates; but reproaches loud and deep accompanied the trifle she gave her repentant daughter. No promises of forgiveness, however, burst from her lips; the fear of her daughter being a burthen to her checked, if she ever felt, any anxiety for her well doing. Mary Anne became the mother of a fine child; she soon recovered her health; is now a contented inmate of the Magdalen, and the little offspring of guilt has gained a sanctuary in a sister foundation, no less the glory of this country; and thus are two objects saved, the one from further depravity of morals, which sooner or later must have led to ruin, and the other from the destructive influence of bad example. C.

THE GOSSIPER. No. XXXIII.

TO THE GOSSIPER.

MR. GOSSIPER,

I must inform you, that I am a young man, of considerable expectations; perhaps possessed of some personal attractions; but from chiefly living in the country, and being naturally inclined to taciturnity, I feel a bashfulness and reserve in the company of strangers which I cannot overcome. Notwithstanding this misfortune, for so I really deem it, I am never happy, unless within the dulcet sound of female voice. Being just of age, I had occasion to reside for a short time in a remote part of England: soon after my arrival there, a friend introduced me to a small party, consisting of an elderly gentleman, and three young ladies. On entering the apartment, I could not avoid flattering myself, that I observed a vast deal of simpering, ogling, and, as it were, all the artillery of intended conquest put in action:—this idea, however, might only arise from the vanity of my own heart. In the presence of so many ladies, it will probably be thought, I was perfectly

contented and happy ; but as the industrious bee, roving amid fragrant sweets, hovers round every flower to sip perfume, so was I desirous of learning what other fair sirens inhabited the neighbourhood to whose society I could aspire.

Our company was for some time rather silent, only being enlivened by complimentary observations. As opportunity, therefore, favoured me, I summoned resolution to commence the subject of my solicitude, by hoping they had some clever girls near them, with whom they associated. The old gentleman, with a glow of satisfaction on his countenance, began to answer my enquiry by saying, " Indeed we have many nice——" but here his honest reply was interrupted by different exclamations from the young ladies, expressive of their astonishment as to whom he could possibly allude. They then began to expatiate very freely on what pretensions any of their fair neighbours had to the title of " nice girls." I soon found I had touched the string of their loquacity : from them I heard that Miss A—— was esteemed clever enough ; but, poor thing ! so very plain, and such a horrid figure ! Miss B—— had rather a neat taste in dress, but dress indeed was the extent of her abilities. I ventured to observe, that I thought I had a glimpse of a pretty girl at a window, near the end of the street. The young ladies admitted, she to whom I alluded had not a *bad* face ; but, oh ! such a horrid temper. At length they began to pass many encomiums on *poor* Miss C——, extolling her virtues, beauty, and accomplishments : on my eagerly inquiring where she resided, I found she was—*dead* ! They all allowed their opposite neighbour to be an intelligent, amiable woman ; but then she was—*married*, and too much engaged with her family to mingle in company.

Alas ! thought I, even in this secluded spot, where I expected to find simplicity and universal good-will, Envy lurks, and like a canker which corrodes whate'er

it falls upon, revels in luxury on real, or imaginary imperfections. It is, indeed, lamentable, that the loveliest part of the community should suffer this baneful passion to invade their gentle bosoms. How greatly would our admiration of them be increased, by their acknowledging with more candour and liberality the charms of their fair cotemporaries! If we examine the various specimens of an artist's pencil, the beauties we may discover in one production cannot depreciate the merits of his other performances; neither, when our eyes dwell with rapture on an interesting female (the most finished production of nature's hand), can she diminish the beauty of others whom we may turn aside to admire, and who may, in our imagination, possess equal attraction.

C. B. S.

V I R T U E.

There is an ancient saying, but nevertheless a faulty one, "Virtue is to be sought for itself only, and that it is its own reward." This axiom, attributed to Zeno, the Grecian sage, is extravagant in its sentiment, and little conformable to human nature and experience. Solon, the wisest of all human legislators, has pronounced on this subject a more judicious sentence: "The good actions of men are produced by the fear of punishment and the hope of reward." There is a fine passage in Lactantius on this topic: "*Non est, ut aiunt, propter seipsam expetenda virtus sed propter vitam beatam quæ virtutem necessario sequitur.*"—Virtue is not, as some assert, desirable on its own account; but for the sake of that happiness in life which necessarily follows a virtuous conduct.

DIOGENES.

Diogenes, being at a tavern, saw Demosthenes pass by, and invited him in. The orator was shy. "Ho!" cried the Cynic, "Are you ashamed, Mr. Demagogue, to enter a place where your masters, the populace, so often frequent."

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE,

BY H. FINN.

LETTER IX. *Continued from p. 85.*

ALBERT TO ULRIC.

LONG after her disappearance, I continued gazing in the direction her lovely form had moved ; until one of the fathers reminded me of the venerable Abbot's approach. Habited in the costume of his order, I beheld the Superior of the community crossing the Abbey aisle towards me. Meekness mingled with dignity, imparted a prepossessing interest to his expressive features : this association of firmness with benignity exacted and received from me a more than usual share of reverence ; and I bent to receive the benediction from his virtue-breathing lips. When the brief ceremony closed, I acknowledged, in warm terms, the favourable feelings which my heart admitted, and entertained towards him ; he checked me for the wild effusion of flattery, as he termed it, which I had uttered ; but imputing it to the volatility of youth, and the proverbial complimentary custom of my profession of arms, he requested my society in the refectory, to partake of such coarse, but wholesome, viands as the house afforded. I cheerfully acceded to the kind invitation ; and, after satisfying my appetite with the simple food, and primitive beverage, proffered by the hand of hospitality, at his request, I accounted for the necessity of soliciting the protection of his roof, by a narrative of the incidents that had befallen me since my mountain ramble. I had scarcely finished my tale, when a monk entering, informed the Superior, that two strangers, representing themselves as mariners escaped from shipwreck, wished

a shelter until the dawn of morning ; when they would depart. Having received an affirmative to the question, whether they required refreshment, the good Abbot dispatched a hasty summons for them to attend him, and partake the produce of his frugal board. But it would be impossible to express my perturbation, astonishment, and indignation, when I beheld in the two strangers, my late mysterious companions in the cavern ! The master now appeared, enveloped in an ample cloak, the folds of which were studiously thrown across his breast, and completely concealed his features, by being held in a position that its shadow fell upon his countenance. The other, prefacing his story with many awkward inclinations of the body, related it with a hesitation that betrayed his contempt of truth ; stating they were fishermen, and having come from the opposite shore, were overtaken by the recent tempest, and had lost all, save their existence ; accounting for his companion's silence, by representing him as being dumb. The cloak they had found on the beach, and his comrade being half dead with fatigue and cold, he had muffled himself up thus. I was frequently on the point of interrupting this tissue of untruths ; but checking myself, I deliberated until I should learn their further intentions. The pious Abbot, after lamenting the destiny which had compelled them to seek his protection, and blessing the opportunity of being enabled to extend it, pressed them to take food. The master expressed his unwillingness by shaking his head, and the other confirmed it by observing, that " Love takes away all appetite." Whilst the supposed servant was greedily devouring the scanty remains of bread and fruit, his master remained attentive to him ; and I whispered to the Superior my knowledge of them ; at the same time intimating, that wine might prove a master-key to some portion of their secret ; or give a partial clue to their mystery. The Prior comprehended my suggestion, and an opportunity

was soon afforded by the man observing, "Water was none of the most heating liquids; and wine had been known to cheer the heart of a Friar." The Prior answered, "That although the rigid rules of the fraternity excluded the use of wine from the brotherhood, 'twas never denied to those who sojourned beneath the roof as strangers;" and a flagon was placed upon the table; from which the servant drank copiously, in despite of the master's repeated signs to the contrary. He became more loquacious, and answered the Abbot's questions with a levity bordering on rudeness. After a variety of enquiries relative to the place they embarked from, how long they had left the shore, and where their destination was, the Superior casually asked, if he was acquainted with a female, that had been conveyed to the Abbey. "Ah! she here?" exclaimed the master suddenly; but the servant, hoping to conceal the discovery of his master's pretended dumbness, repeated the words, and claimed the female as the wife of their lord, who had perished in the waves. But the visible agitation of the Abbot on hearing the master's voice, increased the already impenetrable mystery; the colour fled from his cheek, and every limb appeared convulsed with agony; he attempted to speak, but utterance was denied him by the violence of his emotions, and he fell nearly lifeless into my arms. Fortunately a Monk appeared at the portal, who, after summoning the assistance of his brethren, conveyed the suffering Prior to his chamber; and conducted me to a cell; where I was left to repose. I was anxious to attend the venerable father, and wait the result of his sudden illness; but the Friars objected, assuring me, that he was subject to frequent indisposition, and would soon recover; although they admitted his present state exceeded in danger every former attack of the malady.

I had left the strangers in the refectory, who seemed to survey the Abbot's calamity with apathy and indifference,

and saw me retire from the chamber. I threw myself on the coarse resting place, assigned to austerity; but thought, intrusive thought, forbade my image-crowded memory to lose itself in sleep; yet a pleasurable sensation still triumphed over every other; for the graceful form of the beautiful unknown floated before my imagination, and added new charms, if it were possible, to her features; so lively are the colours, when fancy deigns to touch the lineaments of lovers with her glowing pencil. Rendered restless by an union of opposite reflections, I arose, and seated myself. I was soon busied in forming conjectures respecting the men I had encountered in the cavern; then rejecting them; and starting fresh suspicions; all tending to create a conviction of their villanous intentions. From this reverie, I was aroused by the Abbey-bell beating the hour of four. A grave-like silence succeeded; and enabled me to distinguish distant footsteps in the cloistered passage. Wondering at such an unusual hour to hear tread of waking objects, and the spirit of curiosity prompting a desire to its gratification, I extinguished the lamp, and gently unclosed the door of my cell. I heard the steps approach, and half whispered tones, as of two persons anxiously engaged in converse, met my enquiring ear: They ceased; and a strain of such sweetly softened melody stole o'er my senses, that whilst life lodges in my heart, its power must still remain impressed there. 'Twas heavenly wild, and seemed like the harmonic welcome of an infant's spirit to its empyrean home, from a celestial lyre. To a soul enthusiastically attached to sweet sounds, you may imagine how soothing the effect. The irregular tones, now swelling into variation, now dying into seeming silence, unstrung every nerve, and languid happiness blessed my throbbing bosom. The music stopped; and again I heard the voices echo along the passage. As they came nearer, I partially pressed the door towards its fastening, that I might not hazard the chance of being discovered.

I trust, Ulric, the scenes I had witnessed, the recollection of those scenes strongly dwelling on my mind, my yielding nature to any impulse that claims a peculiar interest, will extenuate to you this mean gratification of a meaner passion—womanish curiosity; but my native regard for candour would have disdained the subterfuge in more placid moments. They drew near the portal; and I recognised the voices of the strangers! danger was in the sound; I drew my sabre; but the words I heard, bereft me of energy, and my guarding arm dropt powerless to my side. I heard them plotting the murder of *Albert Waldstien*! Yes; ere the morning dawned, your friend was to bleed beneath the dagger of an assassin, and they were seeking the cell where they conjectured I reposed to complete their fell intent! Oh! coward nature, fickle as ever varying winds, and erring as the tempter's self, of what vile inconsistencies art thou not composed? that bosom, which had braved unshrinking, the many horrors of the battle-scene,—the force and thunder of artillery,—then trembled with timidity at a *breath*! my strength had been weakened by the force of music; reason, courage, constancy, fled before a new disgraceful idea;—fear, and do I live to own the word, fertile in dastardly expedients, suggested flight through the lattice grating of the window. The dread that had seized me, gained upon my heart; stimulated by terrors unknown before, and known without a cause, I tore the decaying iron from its hold, and the next moment beheld me in the garden of the Abbey. The violence of my descension stunned me for a minute; but as recollection returned, it brought the return of apprehension. The commencement of day in misty twilight, guided my hastening steps to the wall which enclosed me; ascending by a tree that flung its broad shadow far, I leaped upon it; and descended on the opposite side, by clinging to a mouldering buttress. Urged by dishonour's impulse, I hesitated not to continue

my speed o'er unknown tracts, untrod before, till exhausted nature withdrew her further aid, and I fell, deprived of sense, to the earth. A peasant, from whose cottage I address you, discovered your fallen friend, fallen indeed, and conveyed me to his home. Bruised and torn, long wet from my unchanged garments, I have been confined to the rustic bed of my kind host ever since the fatal time. But my body's agony is pleasure, compared to the torments that my mind endures. Where, where flows the liquid that will wash the stain from the once fair honour of the wretched

ALBERT.

LETTER X.

MICHAEL THE MONK TO JUAN VINDICI.

Now, Juan, I have leisure to acknowledge the excellence of your scheme; and congratulate ourselves on its accelerated execution. There remained no other alternative; from her innocence, I learned she loved him, and him alone. What bar could the soul of purity oppose to the searching artifices of the world's votary, to conceal a thought? What could not an unloved lover compass, when he finds a rival revelling in the heart of her to whom his heart is bound, though but by the chain his own affection formed, unlinked to love from her? No more the favoured *Albert* (favoured by Fortune,—*Empress*,—*Katherine*,—ALL!) returns to *glad* each eye and heart; black calumny, whose breath as yet hath told the tale to none within Vienna, shall blast his boasted fame, wither his yet green laurels, and, transporting thought! cast the young minion far from the sight of *Katherine*. Who dare after this aver that ill designs do never prosper? Did not the guardian Genius of Revenge preserve us from whelming waves,

conduct us to the interior of the Abbey, and place our victim aptly to our wish! I had hoped the haughty ORIANA slept below the lake for ever; but the cursed Albert gave her back the remnant of her half absent life; and, by that affectation of humanity, added another motive for my hate. However, under the care of a *trusty* guide, she pursues her course towards Italy. If she ere arrive, the fault will lie with him; I have known persons *die* in a journey *less* distant. I can now smile beneath my irksome cowl; since our expedition, I have hopes of being canonized for my assumed sanctity by the superstitious idiots. Now for the *Countess*, as she is called; she, of course, does not, cannot know me; three years, and a monastic habit, alter persons much; but she is an impediment to my plans: she must be informed you are here. Say I am expected. She must be an instrument to my desires, or no more a Countess. Farewell; let your reply be at the *second* column.

(*To be continued.*)

Absent, or Deceased Friends soon Forgotten.

WE quickly lose the remembrance of persons deceased, even of those who were dearest to us. "If poor Mr. ———, who died eight days ago, had been dead a hundred years, he could not be more forgotten. This ought not to be a subject of surprise; we very often forget absent friends, though they are only dead to us for a time; we may therefore soon forget the dead, since they are absent for ever. I should regret them more, if I knew that they remembered those they left behind; but I believe their minds are better employed; and that if ever our thoughts are occupied about them, we may be sure of not being recompenced in return." *Bussi de Rabutin.*

Sketches of Human Character.

INSEPARABLE FRIENDSHIP.

TRUE Friendship is rarely to be found, even where most to be expected, in the intercourse of our fair countrywomen with each other; particularly in those who have sufficient youth and beauty to attract the notice of the other sex :—This sentiment is often changed, or even destroyed, by the rivalry of beauty, love, and coquetry. We will not enquire why so many attempt to impose upon those they call friends, by mere professions of attachment, since the discussion of so delicate a question would involve us in details, upon which there is more propriety in preserving a profound silence; it is sufficient to prove, by a single example, that there is often very little sincerity in this shew of friendship. Miss H. and Miss B. are inseparable friends;—they are seen together at public places of amusement and resort;—if we wish to have one of them at a dinner, or party of friends, we must, of course, invite them both. A gentleman, an intimate acquaintance, paid a visit to Miss H. at the instant the two friends had parted to decorate themselves: the conversation turned upon Miss B. and M**** thought he should evince only a proper attention by enquiring for her. “She is a charming woman,” said Miss H. “and I love her sincerely. I should flatter myself, that she preferred me to all the world, if she were not so vain of her handsome foot and pretty hand: her eyes are continually occupied in considering them; and her endeavours unceasing to fix upon them the attention of those who surround her, without noticing the inconceivable ridicule to which she subjects herself. If she is seated, she very indecorously puts forth her foot;

talks to you of the elegance of her *chaussure*, or the awkwardness of her shoe-maker, who always makes her shoes of a frightful size. During this insipid conversation, she takes off, and puts on her gloves, under pretence of shewing you her rings. I assure you, I sometimes find it difficult to refrain from laughing in her teeth." Astonished and affected at having such confidence reposed in him, M**** was curious to know, if Miss B. felt a more sincere friendship: he waited on her the next morning, and informed her, that he had had the pleasure of seeing Miss H. the preceding evening. "She has infinite merit," said the pretended friend, "and no one is dearer to me; but I wish she were charitably cautioned against the ridicule she incurs. Although she is fast declining "into the vale of years," she is one of the first to adopt the fashion of the day. Nothing so laughable as to see her "old phiz" under an elegant head-dress, or render ugly a tasteful hat. In despite of her short and thick shape, she muffles herself up like a Levite, or a Circassian. Add to this, her affected manners, the childish air that she strives to assume, and her constant application to keep her lips close, not to make her mouth smaller, but for the purpose of hiding the irregularity of her teeth." No sooner were these words ended than Miss H. entered, without being announced, and the *two friends* immediately flew into each other's arms!

AFFECTATION.

It is from secret pride, and a desire to please, that certain persons quit their natural character, and disfigure themselves. If those who affect these airs of singularity could comprehend how offensive is every species of affectation, and how much it disgusts persons of good taste, they would take care to affect nothing. To please, we must conform to the manners and customs of others:

this is the rule. There is no need of being regarded for extraordinary qualities, which always produce a bad effect when they are borrowed, or affected. If Caroline were contented with her natural perfections, she would be one of the prettiest girls in England: it is not true, as applied to her, that Art has embellished Nature; she looks for mystery in every thing; and does nothing naturally; she seems to walk upon springs, with measured steps: others speak, act, and cough, in a natural manner; but this lady's contorsions of figure and features are truly ridiculous to bystanders.

What is the intention of those who thus assume a singularity of deportment removed from common manners? It seems that they would be sorry to speak, to walk, or to dress themselves like others; their apparel is unaccountably affected, or carried to extremes, which always outstrip the extravagance of the fashion; they consult not what becomes them; they want to display themselves in the most obvious manner, to attract notice, and surprise the world by the novelty of their dress.

If we knew ourselves better, we should confine ourselves to our natural gifts and talents: but a man, disgusted with what he knows, wishes to speak of what he does not know, and evinces ridiculous ignorance. In this manner is pride punished; the means employed to obtain applause, draw down upon us nothing but contempt, and occasion us to be regarded with indifference.

Lewis, with much politeness, and great acquaintance of the world, knows a thousand pleasant and curious things, which he relates in a most fascinating manner; but he will talk at random on the most sublime subjects of Theology, and is ignorant even of the first principles of Religion. After having delighted the company with the most lively and agreeable recitals, if he make the least effort beyond his sphere, he falls into some absurdity which excites compassion.

ANTICIPATION.

A young man, upon the eve of being united to the object of his best affections, desired an artist to design and paint a Picture of Hymen. The God of Marriage, said the impassioned lover, should be attended by all the Graces ; a Torch more brilliant than that of Love must be placed in his hand ; in fine, set your imagination at work, and I will reward you in proportion to the agreeableness of the effect produced, and the merit of your composition. The Painter used every effort, not only to make a good design, but even to surpass the idea that had been given to him, and carried home the painting the day before his patron's wedding. But the young man was dissatisfied ; and contended that Hymen was far from being depicted with all his attractions. The Painter, comprehending the nature of this supposed fault, told the ardent youth, that he was not dissatisfied without reason ; for, continued he, my colours are employed in such a manner, that the performance, on a first view, makes but a slight impression ; but I will bring it you again, after the lapse of a few months, and, at that time, you shall recompence me according to your own opinion of its beauty and worth. I am certain it will appear to you quite different. The painting was taken away ; the lover married next day, and several months elapsed before the artist returned with his Picture. Your promise is, I perceive, fulfilled, said the recently married man ; time has indeed embellished your painting ; nevertheless, I cannot help saying, that the aspect of Hymen is too gay ; he is in no way characterised by so cheerful a countenance as you have given him. Sir, resumed the artist, smiling, it is not my painting, but your sentiments, that have undergone a change ; for they are no longer the same ; some months

ago, you were a lover; now you are a husband. The pleasantry of the painter was applauded. This artist, delighted with his success, produced another Painting of Hymen, which was at once adapted to please both Husbands and Lovers; for the illusion of the colours was so great, that, being placed at the end of a long gallery, the Portrait of Hymen appeared charming to those who regarded it at a distance; but when viewed near, it produced a quite different effect.

PERSONAL MERIT.

WE rather judge of the merit of others from the heart than from the head; we have not the same opinion of them whether they have mortified our pride, or done us some good office; nevertheless this circumstance does not change their personal qualities. We find wit and discernment in them when they take care to notice what is amiable in our characters, when they have the address to excuse our faults, and to exhibit them to us in certain lights which render them imperceptible.

BON MOT OF FONTENELLE.

All the sciences (observed this eminent scholar) have their weak sides. Geometry attempts to square the circle; natural history endeavours to find out perpetual motion; chymistry hunts after the philosopher's stone, and the moral writer investigates good actions, devoid of self-interest. Nevertheless it is useful to indulge in these reveries, because in pursuit of them we may find many practical truths, of which we were not before aware.

HARRIET;
OR, THE NOVICE;

A CAUTIONARY TALE, FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

Continued from page 98.

By the time, however, that Harriet had laid her head on her pillow, she found all her melancholy forebodings return with redoubled force. If he should not come to see her,—if he should not write to her,—if I should never see him again,—thought she; but these ideas were too terrible to dwell on; and although she had dried up her tears, she had really derived but little consolation from her friend's advice, who was too lukewarm for the romantic Harriet; and whom she would have more fervently loved, had her ideas more corresponded with what she had hoped: she would have entered into an offensive, instead of a defensive treaty; for this silence,—a letter filled with protestations of love; and for this dissembled indifference,—proposed a ladder of ropes.

They had both retired to the same bed, but how different were their slumbers; Maria fell soon into the Lethean embrace, but poor Harriet became a prey to the most uneasy sensations; in vain she endeavoured to shut out, to forget every painful thought; sleep forsook her pillow, and her imagination ran still upon Petersham, and on those scenes which had been blessed with his presence. Ill natured Maria, murmured she, thou speakest thus coldly because thou hast never seen my Petersham; did'st thou know him as I do, sleep would not close thine eyelids. Poor Petersham! he is now perhaps complaining to yon moon, and bewailing his unfortunate destiny, that made him repose confidence

in me; and to-morrow, perhaps, despair from my silence may cause him to put an end to a painful existence. All the romantic nonsense of the circulating libraries, with their infatuations, and sensibilities, all the unfortunate Emilys and Madelinas, rushed into her mind, and she finally determined, that on the morrow no earthly power should prevent her writing. Go, unkind Maria, said she, mentally; thou wer't not born with those fine feelings which warm my bosom, thou art an isicle, and can therefore censure what you cannot feel. Thus do we often compliment ourselves even for our failings, and in mistaking them for virtues, decry the merits of the more prudent. The drowsy god, however, overpowered her; but yet the realities of the day mixed with the visions of night, and her sleep was disturbed. On the following morning, she stole gently from the side of her companion to prepare her epistle, but here many difficulties started; the want of materials; the fear of discovery: but what will not female ingenuity devise; they were all overcome, and the deed was accomplished. By the time she had finished her epistle, the bell had rung for the yet innocent inhabitants, and roused them to their day's duty, and Harriet, apprehensive of a discovery, put the efforts of her pen hastily into her bosom, and got unperceived into the garden: tripping up the steps with a lively agility, which probably arose from the unburthening her mind to Petersham, she was met by her friend, Maria Thomas, who carelessly demanded the reason of her rising before her. The suddenness of this question confused her; and while she made some frivolous excuse, she felt her cheeks tingle with the conscious falsehood she was about to utter. "So my love," continued her friend, "as you have not been writing to *this* Petersham, never mind." Harriet asked, with an affected surprise, if she then thought her incapable of keeping a resolution; and pretended to be violently hurt at this suggestion; but

she was yet too young a dissimulater to keep up the cheat, with confidence; she overacted her part. "After what I have said, Thomas," she continued, trembling, "do you think I could behave so ridiculously;" but casting her eyes downwards unconsciously on her bosom, she perceived, alas! the tell-tale letter peeping from its hiding place; which her inked fingers in vain strove to conceal: conscious she was detected by her friend, she was petrified with confusion, and stammered out an unintelligible something. Her friend, who too clearly saw the state of the case, and did not wish to break her friendship with the inconsiderate Harriet, or to tell a falsity, affected to be unaware of this unfortunate *denouement*; but, sighing, turned her head another way. But Harriet was so taken up with her own affair, mistook her friend every time she spoke, and Maria, though inwardly grieved at the cause of this absence in her friend, could scarcely forbear smiling; and told her she would leave her for the present, and see her when, perhaps, she might be more conversable. Thus roused, Harriet found her situation far from comfortable; her appearing so little in the eyes of her friend distressed and galled her; but all this vanished when Petersham crossed her brain; and almighty love, who soon makes his votaries as blind as his godship, overcame all her scruples. In a better temper than she had been for some time, she entered the music room, to attend the mandates of Signior Lanza; but just, however, as she had commenced a prelude, word was brought that her mother's servant waited to see her: she trembled violently, and in spite of the admonitions and commands of the master of music, who became disgusted at her inattention, she ran off to her servant.

The girl had, as usual, a power of nonsense to entertain her mistress with; but she, finding that Petersham had neither written to her, nor called at her house, began

to be seriously alarmed ; and determined to send her letter ; to which determination the servant, as in duty bound, fully subscribed ; the only trouble that now remained was how to fasten this tender billet, to guard its contents from the prying eye of curiosity, as no wafer was to be found in all the seminary : this difficulty was, however, soon got over by the ingenious Abigail ; who, under some pretence, borrowed some sealing wax of one of the domestics, which had been detained as a perquisite from some young offender ; and, with the further aid of a thimble, she contrived to make something like a seal ; which, although not bearing the figure of hope, constancy, *l'amour*, or *J'ai la clef*, kept it quite as secure as would even the bust of our immortal bard himself. Proud of her achievement, she bore the handy work to her young mistress ; who, with a thousand cautions of secrecy and expedition, delivered it again into the hands of her agent, with the additional injunction, to bring Petersham's answer the moment it arrived ; and Harriet, who before this felt a temporary pleasure in pouring out the effusions of her heart to the man she loved, was now, from her agitation of mind, in thinking how it would be received, exposed to all her former anxiety ; from which she saw no hope of release till the arrival of her lover's answer. How frequently does the accession of our very wishes conspire to make us miserable ; particularly when we use unjustifiable means to arrive at what we falsely call happiness.

(To be continued.)

LOQUACITY.

One day the Prince of * * * had taken with him in his carriage a very great talker, who by his continued loquacity had set the prince asleep. The orator, impatient of any inattention, pulled the Prince frequently by the sleeve. " My good friend," replied the Prince, " either let me rest, or do not talk me to sleep."

THE MORALIST, No. VII.

DEATH.

Ah! whither now are fled

Those dreams of greatness, those unsolid hopes
Of happiness, those longings after fame,
Those restless cares, those busy bustling days,
Those gay spent festive nights, those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd.

THOMSON.

ALAS! said I, what is Death? Surely the dissolution of this body must be attended with unspeakable agony, doubts, and despair. Alas! how horrible is the idea of this King of Terrors! I must at one time or other meet this grim monster face to face; shall shrink from his withering touch, and yield to his unrelenting grasp. And is there no aid, no consolation for my fears? "Oh, omnipotent Father! desert me not in this hour of trial; banish the fiend Despair, and strengthen me by thy presence." Deeply engrossed by these reflections, sleep for some time fled my pillow; but at length tired nature found repose, and I sank into the arms of oblivion. Methought I awoke, surrounded by a blaze of light, which dazzled my eyes, almost to blindness; I started from my couch, and beheld a form bright as the sun, with the countenance of an Angel, who said—"Arise; follow me; fear not; I am commissioned to shew thee Death." At these words, I summoned resolution to look up; the intensity of splendour was gone, and the stranger appeared as a man, inexpressibly beautiful. I followed in silence, until we came to the door of an apartment: the heavenly stranger then turning to me, said, "Attend now to what you will behold; Death

will be exhibited without exaggeration; and you will henceforth learn not to doubt of the mercy of the Almighty." Hereupon, he entered the chamber, and in anxious expectation, I followed: On a bed, which by its decoration seemed the property of some person of wealth, lay a man, apparently expiring; the constant attendants of dissolution stood round him; and, from the wretched sufferer's continual groans and imprecations, we advanced to the bedside unobserved by the surrounders, and gazed on the awful spectacle: his countenance was distorted with agony; he wrung his hands, whilst the words of despair burst from his lips. "Alas!" said he, "how hard is my fate! I have amassed riches, and cannot enjoy them; I have toil'd hard for the means of procuring happiness, and now I have obtained them, they are likely to be snatched from me. Send me a physician this instant." This last resource, this feeble hope was soon procured. "Can'st thou do nothing for me?" said the dying man. "Alas! Sir," answered the physician, "I fear all the aid of medicine is vain." "Tell me not so!" exclaimed Avaro, "what is the value of thy art, if thou can'st not prolong life for a day, or for a week? Give me but that which shall sustain my sinking frame one hour, and half my riches shall be thine. What!" continued he, "art thou silent? Must you decline my offer? Then cursed be thy pretended power; begone." The exhausted patient could no more; he sank upon his pillow, and was for a few minutes silent. My guide now drew his hand across my sight, my vision became more acute, and I beheld a demon beside the sick man, who was continually probing him with a sharp poniard near the heart. The operation was so painful, that loud groans burst from the wretched Avaro, and bitter tears coursed one another down his cheeks. A clergyman now entered the room; at his approach, the fiend started back, and, for a short time, desisted from wounding the

dying sufferer. "Who art thou?" said he, "dost thou come to bring me comfort? shall I live?" "I will indeed," said the pastor, "administer comfort; let not despair disturb you; I come on an errand of mercy; Christ, the ever adorable Saviour of the World, is merciful; and will pardon your sins, and receive you into his eternal kingdom, if you will humbly and penitently entreat his forgiveness." At these words, Avaro groaned deeply. "Alas!" said he, "I thought you had brought some heavenly specifick, to raise me from the grave; but all my hopes are blasted." The fiend, who had retreated on hearing the blessed name of his conqueror, now returned again, and aimed a dreadful blow at the heart of Avaro; he beckoned with his hand, and Death, surrounded with his terrors, approached, uplifted his arm, struck him with his scythe, and Avaro yielded up his soul into the hands of his terrific attendant in a dreadful state.

Almost fainting, I caught the arm of my guide, and exclaimed, "Oh! how terrible is Death! Why, oh! why was I born? Where can I fly to escape? Alas! to the very extremities of the world this relentless king of terrors will follow." "Faint hearted mortal," said the heavenly stranger, "think not that such is the death of all; think not thy omnipotent Father delights in tormenting his servants. Again attend to what I shall shew you." The present scene vanished, and another presented itself to my view.

Methought I was in the chamber of the expiring Fidelio; every thing bespoke neatness, plenty, and usefulness, without ostentation. Nothing was heard, except the sighs of the family of Fidelio, who attended to receive the blessing of their parent. A soft murmur now broke on my ear; and I could distinguish the following words. "Long have I tarried in this world of trial; and I fear my balance is yet light. Oh! most blessed Jesus, who hast promised to aid thy frail

servants, desert me not in this hour of anguish; let me not sink with the weight of my fears, but be thou present, and uphold me." I now beheld an Angel, brighter than my imagination could have pictured, standing near Fidelio; he placed his hand on the head of the dying man, and immediately a lustre, like that of an Angel, beamed around him. The young family of Fidelio now stood round the bed of their parent: and, in a feeble voice, he thus addressed them: "If I feel any regret at leaving this mortal body, it is that I part from you; but yet, perhaps,—Oh! that it may be so!—I may become your guardian Angel, to conduct you safely through the dangerous paths of mortality. Pardon me, O power of Mercy, if I am presumptuous in my wish; I am still confined within the frail bounds of this life, and know not what is best for me. May your days be undisturbed by the rebellion of your passions; may your hearts be open to the sacred precepts of religion; and may you drop into your graves, honoured and respected by your fellow mortals, and be received into the heavenly kingdom offered to those who serve him faithfully by our blessed Saviour."

Fidelio having thus spoken, sank back on his bed. Methought I heard the sound of heavenly music; a host of heavenly forms floated in the air, singing aloud, "Welcome to the kingdom of Jehovah! Well done thou good and faithful servant; hasten to thy reward." The happy Fidelio, upborne by the aid of the celestial messengers, soared to the regions of eternity, and seemed to leave earth and mortality far behind him. The violence of my emotion now put an end to my vision, and I found myself still a sojourner in this vale of sorrow.

R. PORTER.

AMIABLE ERRORS;

OR,

HOW TO MAKE A HUSBAND MISERABLE.

Continued from page 104.

OCCASIONAL indisposition now obliged Marian to confine herself at home, when the weather was unfavourable; and though she was not so selfish as to wish her husband to give up the society of his friends, or debar himself from those exercises and amusements to which he was accustomed, the period of his absence was always to her an age of anxiety and solicitude; if he rode out, and staid half an hour beyond the time she expected him, the most extravagant fears for his safety took possession of her; and if he was only at the theatre, or in a private party, she dreaded that the influence of his male associates might lead him into some irregularity. These fears she had, however, the prudence to keep to herself; but the agitation of her mind affected her nerves, and she became irritable, peevish, and low spirited. Lovemore, alarmed for her health, proposed their taking a house in the country; to which she readily agreed; and finding one likely to suit them in the neighbourhood of Croydon, they took up their residence there for the summer. Their establishment consisted of a man servant and two young women, one of whom had been recommended to Mr. Lovemore by a particular acquaintance, and was chiefly employed in attendance on her, as she had always been accustomed to that indulgence when in her father's house. Susan was rather better informed than the generality of girls in her station; and in consequence Mrs. Lovemore made

her more of a companion than she would have done, had she been ill bred and ignorant; and having been of late almost destitute of any female acquaintance to whom she would have ventured to confide her secret thoughts, Susan, in the absence of Lovemore, became the depositary of all her fears and anxieties; while the simple girl, without any evil intention, but for want of a real good understanding, aggravated them by the most absurd remarks and conjectures. Susan had, during ten years servitude in London, seen enough of dissipated husbands and neglected wives to think that there were very few men who were irreproachable; and although she did in fact believe her master one of those, yet the many anecdotes she had to relate, always ending with "God forbid my master should ever behave so to you, Ma'am," served to imply, that it possibly might be so; and from the *possibility* of such an event, Marian too readily apprehended the *probability*. Her mind thus perverted, Mrs. Lovemore became a most scrupulous observer of her husband's conduct; and though nothing had hitherto occurred to afford the slightest grounds for suspicion, a foundation was laid upon which the simplest materials might be employed to raise a gigantic edifice. Their domestications in the country, for a time, restored Marian to her former cheerfulness and confidence in her husband's affection; and as the spring was advancing, and the weather extremely mild, Lovemore took pleasure in driving her out every day; and shewing her whatever was worthy of notice in that part of the country.

One day, as they were passing through a turnpike-gate, about two miles from their own house, a girl, apparently about sixteen years of age, came out to receive the toll. "Are you old Simpson's daughter?" asked Lovemore, regarding her attentively; the girl blushed, and answered in the negative. "How long have you lived here?"

enquired Lovemore, smiling. "I have been here only a fortnight, sir; Simpson is my mother's uncle; and as he is getting very infirm, and my mother is too poor to maintain me, she sent me down here to do what I can for him." "And who is your mother? I think I have seen you before." "Yes, sir; she used to wash for you before you were married." "Aye, true, I recollect," said Lovemore; and he then drove on. "You seem very much interested about that girl," observed Marian, in a sarcastic tone, which Lovemore did not seem to observe; but replied carelessly, "I thought I recollected her features, and was surprised at seeing her here; she is a pretty girl, and I often thought her situation in London a dangerous one, as her mother's occupation necessarily obliged her to wait upon young men." "Your reflections on the subject were *very moral*, no doubt," said Marian, laughing. Lovemore feeling no sting, took her raillery in good part; and nothing more was said about old Simpson's pretty niece; the circumstance was indeed forgotten by Marian, until one morning, when Susan had been sent by her, to make some purchases at Croydon, she returned rather unusually out of humour. Marian observed that something had occurred to discompose her; and supposing she had quarrelled with her fellow-servant, asked no questions. Still, in the course of the day, she perceived that Susan often appeared on the point of addressing her, and then abruptly stopped, which awakening her curiosity, she determined to enquire what she had got to say. Susan hesitated, and changed colour; but, upon being pressed further, stammered out—"Why indeed, Ma'am, I did not like to say any thing, for fear of making mischief; but, however, perhaps there is no harm in it." "In what, Susan?" "Why pray, Ma'am, did you ever see Kitty Morris, who lives at the gate-house?" In a moment, Marian recollected the

pretty girl her husband had talked to. "Yes, Susan, I have seen her; why do you ask?" "Oh, dear Ma'am, don't alarm yourself; it's no harm, I dare say; but still it's rather odd, to be sure; but, as I passed through the gate this morning, I happened to get a stone in my shoe; so I thought I'd just step into the gate-house to get it out: well, I did so, and who should the first person I set my eyes upon be but our James;—he seemed very much hurried at sight of me, and jumping up, for he was sitting down upon a bench by the side of Kitty, he said to her—"You will remember what I told you, Kitty, and be punctual." I thought Kitty looked confounded, and unable to reply; indeed James did not give her time, but hurried away as fast as he could, calling to me as he went out—"Susan, I want to speak to you." I had half a mind to stop, and get as much as I could out of Kitty, but I thought she would be too cunning for me; and indeed I was in too great a hurry to quarrel with Mr. James; so I followed him."

"So then," interrupted Marian, "all this mighty affair is only a little jealous fit of your's, Susan. I did not know you and James were upon such terms." "Why, indeed, Ma'am, I did not like to mention it, as I know you think I might look rather higher; but James has always teased me so to allow him to keep me company; however, I thought he gave me good reason for refusing him this morning, and so I told him; and would you believe it? He solemnly declared, that he had only been to the gate-house with a message from a gentleman. "And pray what gentleman?" said I. "It is more than my place is worth," said he, "to tell you." "It cannot be my master, surely?" says I. He shook his head with a sorrowful look; and begged me, whatever I suspected, not to drop a word at home; so you know, Ma'am, that put the matter beyond all doubt." "It cannot be, Susan!"

exclaimed Mrs. Lovemore. "I must not, will not, believe my husband capable of such baseness; but I will know the truth the moment he comes home." Susan burst into an agony of tears. "Oh! dear Ma'am, do not attempt it," she cried; "I am certain it would be the ruin of both me and James; for my master would instantly turn us out of doors; and you know, Ma'am, you always said how much pleasure it would give you to have me attending you when you are confined." Marian hesitated, "I should be sorry to do either you or James an injury, Susan; but my own peace of mind is at stake; and I must enquire into the particulars of this affair." "Now pray, Ma'am, be advised by me," said Susan; "take no notice yet awhile; but do you watch master, and I will look sharp after James; and then we shall soon find out the truth." "Well, well, I will consider of it," said the agitated Marian. She then dismissed Susan; and when left alone, gave way to the emotions which fear of her husband's infidelity naturally gave rise to. It was painful to her to dissemble, and still more so to her ingenuous mind was the mean subterfuge of becoming a spy upon him in confederacy with her servant.

To be continued.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

How much it would conduce to our happiness to be select in our books and in our friends; to choose each more for their good sense than their knowledge, more for their being Christians than Philosophers; to be contented with a small but certain income; to have no master, and few servants; to be without ambition, envy, avarice, or a law-suit; to preserve our health by exercise instead of medicine; to adhere to our religious opinions; to love and hate only on just grounds; to let the pleasures of life pass by us without a murmur; and to wait with confidence for an eternal hereafter.

*There is no part of Knowledge which is not an object
worthy of our Attention.*

MANY persons, who pronounce their opinions on the value of the sciences, fall into a capital error in placing an exclusive esteem on that to which they themselves are chiefly led by genius or inclination. A philosopher of our own times, eminent for the depth of his writings, and the ingenuity of his remarks, has presumed to assert, that all branches of learning, except philosophy and the mathematics, are trifling and insignificant. Thus does he try to estimate the general powers of the human intellect by his own individual exertions. He that would decide on the merit of each science, should possess a general taste for them all; and be endowed with that degree of candour, which would enable him to fix the respective merit to each science, without partiality for any one in particular. The boundaries of the human faculties are so narrow, and the scope of the sciences so extensive, that the smallest part of any one may defy the most indefatigable researches. A single blade of grass will suggest to us meditations innumerable, excite a thousand new ideas, and conduct us towards the most enlarged principles, and illuminate the mind with the most brilliant rays of information. I mean not to assert, that a single mind can make itself master of all sciences. The method is, for an individual to apply himself to one science, and occasionally to resort to others, in order to illustrate and assist his favourite study. For my own part, when I have occasion to pursue this method, and have recourse to any branches of knowledge with which I am less acquainted, I envy those who have a deeper insight into them; well knowing the superior pleasures which greater familiarity with those subjects must afford to a cultivated mind.

The Victim of Despair.

"Judge not, lest ye be judged."

"Let him who is exempt from sin, cast the first stone."

THESE two precepts of the gospel cannot be too frequently impressed on the minds of every class of the community, and should be propounded in preference to discoursing of subtilities which those who attempt to explain are as ignorant of as their auditors. We are entirely taken up with the present; and deign not to consider the past; we see nothing but the effect, and are blind to the cause; we judge boldly, and we judge falsely; often with partiality. I shall select one example from a hundred. May my humble efforts induce more candour for others, and inspire mistaken zealots with some indulgence for their neighbours.

"God bless you!" said a stranger, as he was passing, and leaving the path-way in the street to allow me room. These words were pronounced in a tone that came from the heart, and went to the heart. I return, and look at him; he sees me, and sighs: his garments discover the greatest indigence: I place my hand upon my pocket; he shakes his head;—I draw my purse; he quickens his pace;—I fix my eyes upon him a long time; he returns to the end of the street; appears to reflect; shrugs his shoulders, and disappears.

His image followed me in my solitary walk: I pictured the profound misery which was spread over his whole person; the hunger written on his front; and the precipitation of his flight at seeing my money. My thoughts were occupied with these inconsistencies, when, at the entrance of the town, I perceived the same person: He was leaning against a garden-wall; from which he

was scraping mortar, and looking at the little pieces as they rolled into the path. My hurried step did not divert his abstraction, nor interrupt his pastime. I enter a street; he passes me rapidly; and stops before a baker's shop; at my approach, he seizes a loaf exposed at the window. "Will you pay for it?" says he, in haste, shewing me the loaf with a trembling hand. "With all my heart," I answer; and he makes his escape immediately. The baker is about to call him back; I appear, and pay for the loaf. "Who is this man?" I ask. "It is of little consequence to me," says the baker, turning his back. I wish to follow this singular person; he is already out of sight. "Perhaps," said I to myself, "he is going to distribute my present to a famished wife and children;" and my heart grieved and took delight alternately at this supposition.

Six days in succession I traversed the same road at the same hour without seeing him; at length, on the seventh, which was a Sunday, I met him again. His brow was wrinkled; his eyes were animated with a gloomy lustre; he seemed in violent agitation. He was going to pass, without greeting me; he recollects me; his wrinkles dissipate; he is more composed; he seems to wish to speak; but suddenly turns away, and hastens his pace. While I am deliberating whether I shall follow him, he returns; and addresses me. "Do you not sometimes want a person to carry messages?"—"Oh! yes; and I have friends———" "Will you then employ me occasionally?"—Willingly.—"I should be delighted to find work; but poverty and sickness have rendered me incapable of great fatigue; and I cannot find occupations proportioned to my strength."—Where do you reside?—"In the town."—But in what street?—He was silent.—I do not ask you through mere curiosity; but you may be wanted at short notice; and———"I will appear before your door every day."—Do you know my abode?"—"Very well."—Come then to-morrow

morning at ten o'clock: I have a letter to send to ~~you~~. You shall be well paid, if you bring me an answer the same day.—“Nothing more easy.”—In the mean time, there is a trifle. It is Sunday; and you——
“Pardon me, sir, I take nothing in advance. Bread is of more value when earned, than when still to be earned.” Come, this is in part. Do not refuse me.—“I cannot, ought not to receive a gift.”—Take this in part, to assure me that you will come.—“Give then” (and he took the money reluctantly); “nevertheless, Sir;—believe that—I——” In repeating these last words, he drew forth a ragged handkerchief, folded up the money, and tied ten knots. “At ten o'clock then,” said he, putting the handkerchief into his pocket, and going away hastily. I remained on the spot, and watched the direction he took. Every now and then he stopt before one of the houses which line the road; at some he even pretended to go up the flight of steps; but he entered no where, and at length came to the house by which I had first seen him enter the town.

I had really an order to give ——, and was happy I could delay sending for so dear an occasion;—my end was to do a good deed. I wrote my letter, and was much astonished that the poor fellow came not at the time appointed. After waiting three days, I made use of another medium to convey my message. Three weeks elapsed before I met the stranger. I distinctly saw that he was embarrassed, and would have avoided me, if he could. I addressed him in a friendly manner. Why did you not come? “Alas! our enterprises do not always succeed, but depend entirely upon the will of God.”—You were probably detained by something important.—“Important! oh, yes; at the very hour of my appointment, one of my children expired. Happy are those who find an end to their misery! I have five children left, who are perishing in my sight from hunger and want! I am

their father ; I love them, and cannot assist them ! But pardon me for troubling you with my sorrows." Troubling me ! I should not be worthy the name of man. " For two days, the sight of my dead infant has deprived me of the power of earning bread for the others : on the third, it became necessary to search for help to bury him." Why did you not come to me ? I should have ——— — " Ah ! how could I, after having failed in my promise the first time ?"—Great God ! with such an excuse ! " There is so little indulgence for the poor ! But I pray you to employ me for the future. My wife and poor children have no other support."—Come then to-morrow ; I shall want you.—" Depend upon me." In the interim, there is ——— — " No ; absolutely no ; I take nothing in advance ; but you will confer a great service, if you will buy me another loaf." I run, and purchase the largest loaf, and some small cakes for the children. He takes them, and instantly departs. I knew not what commission to prepare for him ; I write an insignificant letter to a friend, at his country-house in the vicinity. The next morning, the unknown appears, accompanied with a little boy, nine years of age, whose look announced misery and suffering. The poor little fellow had a stick in his hand, and smiled at me in a friendly manner. " He would come with me," said his father ; " I hope the air will do him good." I gave him the letter, and wished to give him money for his expences ; he refused it. " We have provisions," said he, and shewed me a large piece of the loaf I had given him. I added cold victuals, and compelled the father to put half a bottle of wine in his pocket. The little boy wished to return home, and carry all to his mother and little sister.

I dined this day at a friend's. Before we sat down to table, he informed me, that he had a box to send the next day to ———. I related to him the history of my unknown, and solicited his aid. He gave me

the box: his wife, extremely affected at the goodness of the little boy, loaded me with presents for him.

I return home, and soon after the father and little boy arrive. The heat had been excessive; and they perspired much. I give the little boy a pair of stockings, a waistcoat, and the presents I had received for him. His first impulse was to cry out, that he would sell them to buy broth for his mother. His father clasped him in his arms, and said, with transport, "Ah! sir, am I not rich?" Yes, answered I, richer than many princes. I gave him money; he wished to take only half the amount; I requested him to rejoin his family. He promised to come for the box next day; and undertake my friend's commission.

I was scarcely awake when he appeared with a contented and happy countenance. He informed me, that his little family had passed a happy evening. I enquired for the lovely little boy, whom I was sorry not to see; his father said that his feet were blistered with the preceding day's journey. The unknown takes the box, and departs. Night comes, he returns not; three days elapse, and I see him not. I run to my friend; no news of the stranger, or of the box. I am persuaded that the unfortunate man is ill. To be assured, I send a second messenger to ——. He returns, and declares, that no one has heard of the first. My friend was incessantly jesting me, which I endured with patience, upon my weakness in suffering myself to be duped by the discourse and appearance of artful knaves. I sought the stranger in every direction; once, I thought I perceived him at a distance, and remarked that he fled at my approach. Finally I supposed it very possible that I had been deceived.

A month after, I dined at my friend's: his usual railleries were not spared; and at last I learnt that the box was found. I was assured that it had been pawned for sixpence at an ale-house in the suburbs.

I could not believe it; and sent for the ale-house keeper's daughter: she confirms the whole story, as she received it from her father himself; but she was not at home at the time. A man, ill clothed, asked for brandy; his appearance exciting mistrust, he offered to leave the box till he should return to pay for his liquor: he drank, and was very merry. After some time, the ale-house keeper, finding the property not likely to be claimed, opened the box, and from a note found in it, discovered the true proprietor.

There no longer remained a doubt; but the conduct of the unknown became only more inexplicable. He spoke so well, loved his children so tenderly! how could he be capable of committing so shameful an action, to which he had not been forced by want, but solely by intemperance? All I desired was to meet this singular person, not to overwhelm him with reproaches but to learn from himself the motive; which often renders a man what he is not, and what he wishes not to be.

To be continued.

ON TOMBS AND EPITAPHS.

Whenever I cast my eyes on ostentatious epitaphs, I conceive a wish to write under them: "As man is composed of pride and infirmities, passenger, you here behold them fully represented. This tomb indicates the feebleness, and the epitaph the pride of his nature. How just a picture is this of the character of this person when alive! Under robes of silk and embroidery, he concealed from the eyes of the world the weakness and diseases of his decaying body. A wounded conscience, a feeble understanding, and eternal toil of solicitude and sorrows, were hidden under the mask of a tranquil countenance, and a steady and penetrating eye."

MELANGES LITTERAIRES.

No. I.

GENEROSITY AND CLEMENCY.

The following anecdote of Charles IV. exhibits a noble instance of that prince possessing those virtues. The Emperor was informed that a person whom he knew had been seduced by a large sum of money and his general distresses, to assassinate him, at the instigation of his enemies. Charles sent for the man, and thus addressed him: "I am sorry it has not been in your power to portion your daughter, who is now marriageable. Accept these 1,000 ducats for that purpose." The man retired, abashed at the discovery of his treacherous intention; and warmed with gratitude towards the Emperor, renounced his impious engagement. By such a conduct the Emperor merited the following act of generosity towards himself. A citizen lent him 100,000 ducats, and received a bond from Charles. The next day the citizen invited the Emperor and several persons of the court to a banquet. When the desert was put upon the table, the Bohemian ordered the Emperor's bond to be placed in a golden cup, and presented to Charles, with this speech: "The other part of this repast, Sire, you share equally with the rest of my guests. This cup belongs to you only, and I must beg you to accept it as a present." Charles was fond of encouraging literary men. He founded the university of Prague in 1347. He went there one day to hear some declamations, and stayed full four hours. The courtiers who attended, being tired and hungry, informed him the hour of dinner was at hand. "This is my banquet," replied the Emperor.

A NOBLE REPLY OF THESCA.

When Polixenes, her husband, suspicious of the intentions of the tyrant against his life, had embarked privately, and left Syracuse, Dionysius accused his sister, Thesca, of being privy to the flight of her husband: "What," replied the heroine, "do you think my bosom inhabited by so base a spirit, that, had I known of his departure, I should not have attended him? or that fortune can throw Polixenes into any situation in which I should not be happy to share with him its sorrows or its joys."

ON THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

Good and bad women either sweeten or poison the cup of life; so great is their power of producing evil, or the contrary, by their conduct. Under the influence of love, a dull man becomes brilliant, and, to please his mistress, cultivates in himself every agreeable accomplishment that can adorn a human being. When women know the power of their sex, and use it discreetly, the philosopher, the man of phlegm, the misanthrope, and the person of amiable qualities, alike confess themselves but men. The dominion of the sex subjugates those likewise who appear to govern others. A woman soon gains admittance to the cabinet of the politician; to them every door is open, and every secret disclosed. The magistrate and the prince think no more of their grandeur or their power; all restraint, all reserve is laid aside; and puerile freedoms of speech succeed to studied harangues and affected gravity of looks. The man of business and of retirement, the young, the old, the sage, drop their characters before women. The studious man leaves his closet; the man of employ his negotiation; the aged forget their years; young men lose their senses; and the sage forfeits his virtue. Whatever ill men report of women, they cannot hate them; and if they say they do, their conduct proves them dissemblers.

CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND.

A Frenchman told me, that being in London, and intimately acquainted with an English woman, the wife of one of the principal enemies of the King, he was told by her that the Parliament had determined to cut off the head of Charles, who was then imprisoned, but carlessly guarded. He went to M. Bellievre, and acquainted him with the report. M. Bellievre gained access to the King, after a long waiting. Charles told him he had just been at a very pleasant comedy. "My business with your Majesty is tragical," replied he; and then told him the whole affair. On proposing to get ready a boat for his escape, the King answered coolly, "Qui procumbit humi non habet unde cadat," who lies on the ground need not fear falling. "But he may lose his head in that position," replied M. Bellievre.

The Origin of the Custom among the Indian Widows, of burning themselves on the same Pile with their deceased Husbands.

This custom, which prevails in Indostan, on the coast of Coromandel, and among the Caribs, is indeed repugnant to every sensation of humanity. It arose from the uncontrollable profligacy and debauchery of the women of those countries; whose violent passions and ungovernable propensities induced them frequently to poison their husbands, if they preferred any other man, and to keep in secret some baneful preparation for this purpose. The custom of widows attending the funeral pile of their husbands was deemed an expedient to check the profligacy of the women; and was so far encouraged by the manners of the nation, that those women who did not submit to this ordination were abandoned by their friends and relations, and suffered every mark of contempt and indignation that could render their lives burthensome and insupportable.

ELOQUENCE.

There are branches of science which a person may neglect to cultivate without inconvenience to himself; namely, poetry, painting, astronomy, mathematics, &c. and we expect to find these arts practised by their professors exclusively. But this is not true with regard to eloquence: every man talks, and should therefore exercise the talent of speaking. Eloquence is a necessary quality in every art and in every profession. It is incumbent on all of us to explain our thoughts, to prove our positions, to enforce our sentiments. By doing these things well we gain praise; and it therefore becomes us to cultivate this faculty. The Emperor Numan thought the inscription on his statue, "to the most eloquent man of his time," no disparagement of his high rank. The admiration bestowed on able speakers, and the contempt shewn to others who acquit themselves ill in an oration, is not confined to men of sense and education. For persons in the lowest ranks of mankind treat with coarse raillery those among themselves who labour under an awkward or unpleasant elocution. It is a privilege peculiar to eloquence to be exempted from contempt, and from its qualities being depreciated but by itself. It is said of Plato, that when he affects to undervalue eloquence, he in the very instance bestows the greatest praise on it, by couching in the most expressive and brilliant terms his abuse of it. The most barbarous nations, who have been sworn foes to literature and the fine arts, have yet retained a love of orators. We see this attachment to the art discovered by their delight in hearing and making harangues, and the disappointment they display in any want of success which their speeches may incur. Let no one then blame the cultivation of a talent so natural, and at all times so necessary; without which we become objects of neglect and contempt, among the most savage and most illiterate nations.

REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE.

POEMS, by D. P. CAMPBELL. London, Mess. Longman and Co. Inverness, J. Young. 1811.

THE Authoress of these Poems is well known to our Readers under the assumed name of ORA. They were written without any view to publication; and were put to press before she had attained her seventeenth year, "to rescue a father from a prison, and relieve his numerous family from distress and want." See the diffident and affecting Appeal of this interesting and amiable Correspondent in pages 46 and 47 of our No. for January last.

The task of Criticism should always be performed with a regard to the circumstances and situation of the author. Without attention to these points, we shall in some cases expect too much, and in others too little; we shall either repress the first efforts of rising genius, or be tempted to over-rate the exertions of matured experience.

When we consider the youth and inexperience of the authoress,—her extreme diffidence, and shrinking timidity, depressed by the cold and iron hand of adversity,—and her few opportunities of improving her talents from her residence in one of the remote British Isles; these Poems, if they excite not our astonishment, will at least call forth our admiration.—The subjects are various, and often produced from incidental occurrences; the metre is generally well chosen; and the plaintive and descriptive pieces are very successful;—the imagery is often strong and beautiful; the language simple, unaffected, graceful, and flowing; and most of the productions are tinged with a poetic melancholy and pathos that cannot fail to interest the heart and rivet the attention.

A few quotations will serve to illustrate our remarks.

These Stanzas from *The Shetland Fisherman* are beautifully descriptive—

And slowly in the glitt'ring east,
The Sun now rais'd his orient head,
His beamy glories, round him cast,
On rock and steep their radiance shed.

A trembling stream of glory lay
Across the ocean's rippling bed;
And quick his bright beams sipp'd away
The dew-drops from each grassy blade.

Sarah and the Water-Sprite is one of her happiest efforts;—the description of the fiend's assumed appearance is beautiful, and his sudden change horrific; the alternate passions of Hope and Despair, of Expectation and sudden Terror, are wrought with considerable skill.

When, lo! beside the billowy flood
A brighter form than mortal stood,
And view'd her with enraptur'd eye.

Like golden threads, or sunny beams,
His hair in many a ringlet streams
Adown his shoulders fair;
Bright was his bloom, and his dark eye
Like star in bleak December's sky,
And heav'nly was his air.

A jetty courser, dark as night,
Beside him stood, in harness bright,
And neighing paw'd the sand;
With wild impatience toss'd his mane,
While gracefully the silken rein
Slung from his master's hand.

The stranger seiz'd her yielding hand,
And lightly springing from the strand,
With Sarah at his side,
With many a soothing word of love
He strove her terrors to remove,
As o'er the sands they ride.

With hope and dread her bosom burn'd,
And many a wistful look she turn'd
Upon her native moor;
"Scenes of my childish days, farewell!
On happier shores shall Sarah dwell,
And never see you more."

The courser left the sandy shore,
And sprung amid the ocean's roar
With many a hideous yell;
Chang'd was the stranger's heav'nly form,
His native waves and roaring storm
Had broken the magic spell.

Mix'd with the waves the courser seem'd,
In trembling agony she scream'd,
And gaz'd with wild affright,
While the dark fiend the waves did quaff,
And, with a loud and hellish laugh,
Evanish'd from her sight.

Dread was the storm, and hoarse the wave
Rebellow'd 'neath the rocky cave,
While Echo sadly moans,
And oft amid the tempest's roar
Was heard upon the dreary shore
The dying Sarah's groans.

And oft at midnight's moony scene
A ghastly faded form is seen
Across the waves to glide;
And oft upon the passing gales
A plaintive voice our ears assails,
When wandering by its tide.

These six concluding Stanzas, quoted, of this Poem, are highly poetical; the language varies with the passion; and the effect produced is admirable;—the power of persuasion is exhibited in the first; suspense and feeling are strongly excited in the second; dread and terror are raised to their highest pitch in the third and fourth; and the fifth and sixth stanzas are plaintive, and heighten the sad and mournful catastrophe.

This single piece equals many of the best passages in our first poetic and dramatic authors; it produces an effect which the writer could never have attained by all the rules of art; and is sufficient to stamp her poetical blossoms with *giving proofs of rising genius*.

We take a few Stanzas from *Address to Shetland*, to shew the Simplicity and Beauty that pervades these Poems:

To Laxford's winding stream, adieu!

Adieu thy sea-beach wild!

Where oft I've rov'd with careless feet,

Untutor'd Nature's child.

I dreamt not that a fairer spot

On earth's broad bosom lay,

Nor ever wish'd my wandering feet

Beyond its bounds to stray.

And when I read of fairer fields

Beyond the Northern main,

And tow'ring trees, whose leafy arms

Spread o'er the flow'ry plain,—

Of rivers, through the verdant vale,

Meand'ring smooth and clear,

Or where cascades their torrents dash

On precipices drear,—

I read, and fancy cloth'd thy steeps

With darkling groves of pine,

Bright bloom'd thy flow'rs, smooth flow'd thy stream,

And ev'ry charm was thine.

The subsequent, from *Thoughts on a beautiful Night*, are sweetly plaintive:—

Now man enjoys his sweetest hours,

When sunk in soft and calm repose,

Kind Sleep awhile the curtain draws

Of deep oblivion o'er his woes;

For oft the roseate morning brings

To man a num'rous train of ills;

And oft the soften'd charm of eve,

The breaking heart with anguish fills.





LONDON FASHIONS for MARCH.

Published by L.W.H. Payne. March 11. 1844.

Come, Morpheus! king of airy dreams,
O! come, my drowsy eye-lids close;
Let me forget each worldly care,
And on thy downy breast repose;
For yet no crime my bosom stains,
My conscience from remorse is free;
All day distress'd, oppress'd with cares,
I court forgetfulness and thee.

The writer's talents for poetical description appear to so much advantage in her *Address to Fancy*, that we should have been happy to have inserted the entire poem; but are prevented by having already exceeded the limits of our Review.

The first edition of these Poems is *out of print*, a Second Edition, improved, with the addition of Several Original Poems, is now preparing for the press, to be published by Subscription,—a *Prospectus of which may be seen in page 172, or next to this*,—"to enable the Authoress to settle herself and Sister in some business, and to further the education of a Brother, who has no other dependance." Our only object, therefore, is to recommend a publication which deserves patronage, to foster rising talents, and excite an interest in the fate of an amiable, but unfortunate female.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION,
FOR FEBRUARY, 1814.

The Dresses invented by Mrs. Green.

Morning Dress.—A Crimson Velvet Pelisse, made rather short, with front *en militaire*; and lined with ermine; *Caput* also of Crimson Velvet, trimmed round the edge with the same as the Pelisse.

Evening Dress.—Of White Satin, made plain in front; White fur Tippet; White Gloves, and Shoes; Silver lace Girdle, or Band.

PROPOSALS

For publishing a Second Edition of

P O E M S,

BY D. P. CAMPBELL, ZETLAND.

A liberal and generous patronage enabled the Authoress to publish a volume of Poems in 1811. The impression at that time was not sufficiently great to supply all the Subscribers; and this circumstance, together with the flattering manner in which they have been received by the Public, and the lenient and approving Criticisms they have met with, have induced her to prepare another Edition for the Press; with the hope of being enabled to settle herself and Sister in some Business, and to forward the Education of a Brother, who have no other dependance.

Several Original Poems have been added; and she trusts some of the former Pieces will be found to have received some improvement.

While she acknowledges, with sentiments of heartfelt gratitude, the favours conferred on her, she humbly hopes for a continuation of the approbation of her Friends, and the Public, by presenting them with a Work more worthy of their notice.

The Volume to be neatly printed on a fine post octavo woven paper, with a beautiful type.

The Price to Subscribers 10s. 6d. to be paid on the delivery of the Work.

To be sent to Press as soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers are obtained.

Subscribers, residing in the country, are requested to deliver in their names to be transmitted through the medium of their Bookseller in or near the town in which they reside.

The Names of Subscribers will be most thankfully received by J. W. H. Payne, 20, Warwick-square, Newgate-street; G. Cowie and Co. 31, Poultry; and T. Mason, No. 2, Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury, London.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

TO AGNES.

AND didst thou say that never on the ear

Again thy lov'd harp should its tones prolong,
But sleep in silence, wet with many a tear,

And, tun'd no more to minstrelsy and song,
Deserted hang upon the willow bough?

Then, ah! sweet child of sorrow! fare thee well,
And brighter fortunes glad thy troubled brow!

For joyous *thou* should'st be, if joy should dwell
With virtue and the muse.—Strangers we part,

And strangers met;—aye, 't was a blissful dream!
And I do thank thee from my very heart

That not unworthy of thy smile did seem
A humble youth, whom yet the world scarce knows;
But happier in thy praise than aught that world bestows.

Oh, that embodied form were in thy lyre!

Not on the willow silent would it be,
Tho' hung for ever; and the plaintive wire

Had ne'er forgot, nor ceas'd its melody!
Still had it warbled to the leafy shade:

The summer gales had fondly linger'd there,
Charm'd with the seraph music they had made;

And oft the gliding spirits of the air,
That wander thro' the night on viewless wing,
Had lov'd to breathe upon thy heav'nly lute,
And touch with sportive hand the trembling string—

Thy magic harp, tho' thou wert cold and mute,
All drooping pendant 'mid the murmur'ing trees,
Had mourn'd responsive still, and sigh'd with ev'ry breeze.

Feb. 1814.

OSCAR.

S O N N E T.

TELL me, ye sages, skill'd in lore refin'd,
 Whence the mysterious tear that dims mine eye,
 As oft in solitary mood reclin'd
 Beneath some arching glade's green canopy,
 I sit,—and o'er yon lovely landscape gaze?
 Yon woods, and flow'ry plains, yon silver stream,
 Where linger yet the day's last sultry gleam,
 Those solemn shades, whence high in ambient skies
 Yon "heav'n directed spire" o'erlooks the vale,
 Cheering the lated traveller: while the sound
 Of murmuring waters that at distance wail,
 Or lowing herds afar, steals soft around,
 Soothing the heart. Tell me, why weeps mine eye
 As if in woe, when only bliss is nigh?

July, 1813.

AGNES.

S T A N Z A S.

YE lovely orbs, that in your courses roll,
 Spangling the firmament with living light,
 In countless millions spread from pole to pole,
 And streaming through the shadows of the night,—
 How can my ravish'd soul, in love and wonder lost,
 Enough adore the hand that form'd your glitt'ring host!
 Oft, through the silence of the starlight hour,
 When other eyes are clos'd in gentle sleep,
 When I, a stranger to her healing power,
 O'er the dim lamp my midnight vigils keep;
 Sick of the gloomy scene, and the pale quivering light,
 That saddens all my soul, and tires my aching sight.
 Softly I steal me to the open air,
 To breathe awhile the balmy breath of heav'n,
 Look round that world, supported by his care,
 And all the various blessings widely given.
 Rapt with the glorious view, my soul essays
 Hosannas to his name, his mighty name to raise!

Thule, 1814.

ORA.

THE CATHEDRAL; A POEM;

BY H. FINN.

Continued from page 113.

ENROLL'D within yon tablet cover'd tomb,
(Incarceration premature for the
Slight debt of Nature, exacted early,
Smilingly resign'd) an Infant slumbers!
This the hypothesis my Muse would form.
Hope's clearest beam from soft maternal love
Play'd on each cherub charm. Say the sweet boy
Was to its mother heaven's only boon.
(Ask of the widow, owning one alone,
How priz'd the gift, the giver how ador'd?
And whilst her eagle eye, solicitous,
Sanction'd the mimic efforts of her all,
There mingled (as or care or joy the light
And embryo mind lifted or depress'd)
With pleasure's lustre, an instinctive tear.

If in our nature's course, that climbs the steep
Of rough existence, o'er the way of years,
There doth meander paths of happiness
More near supremity than e'en the height
Of holy piety, that smiles on death,
'Tis where the footprints of maternal love
Tread blissful mazes with an only child;
Guarding, and guiding it to every good.
Each vexing passion (mortal's heritage,
Which sways inanity of intellect,
And teaches folly to the female heart,
Whose poor ambition is to live and reign
The trifling regent of light fashion's hour),
The level tenor of that mother's thought
Shap'd not to turbulent, or envious bent.
A willing alien from the loathsome sphere
Where slander's fang strikes at its friend's fair fame,
In parthian flight inflicting deadlier wounds,

She liv'd ; and found all pleasures in her *home*.
The orb of mild content shed genial rays
Of treasur'd joy o'er each domestic day ;
Engend'ring plenitude of grateful hope
Thro' all its circling minutes, yielding bliss.
Oft from dull twilight's death, till youthful morn
The partly-blushing firmament embrac'd,
Her wakeful gaze would dwell upon the cheek
Of budding grace, with doating, aching sense ;
When hurtless malady her treasure held
In slender bonds of rest, a sigh would sever.
A new impress, the seal of high wrought joy,
Pure union of pure lips, each minute told ;
And the fond descant on its years to come
Stole in soft whispers o'er her infant's form,
(First, best delight, anticipation's theme,)
Endowing future honours, beauty, worth,
With lavish love, and visionary hand.
Experience, that often dwells with woe,
Writhes in ideal agony at ills
Conjectural, but greets the true distress,
When inmate of its habitation long,
With callous pressure of a stoic's palm,
Ne'er staid, or urg'd *her* pulse's even beat.
Nor feign'd excess of feeling, or of fear,
Pliant as willow shoots to fancy's touch,—
Firm as the oak in strong maturity,
Oppos'd to all the sad reality
Of sorrow, cursed affectation call'd,—
Was e'er a guest in her unpractis'd heart ;
For pleasing nature sat enthroned there.
The airy thought, unconscious of its bane,
Gloss'd o'er the chain that links mortality
To kindless grief, and made the load more light.
Her dearest solace claim'd no recreant eye,
And the dark baseless gulf of casual harm
Unseen, beheld her tempt its faithless verge.
Thus love a fabric from the vapour, rears
Upon the bleaching sand, and heedless sleeps
On the storm's confine, that contentment wrecks.

To be continued.

SONNET.

Oh! frozen Apathy, would I could creep
Within thy hated arms, tho' senseless all,
There lull rememb'rance in forgetful sleep,
And slumber unmolested from the call
Of sensibility; but I must weep
The hours now mingling fast with ages gone
In dark oblivion's arms sepulchred deep——
Perhaps with some forgotten and unknown!
Oh! it were vain to bid the tumults cease,
As mem'ry pores with retrospective ken
O'er faded hours of happiness and peace——
Inquietude, nor later cares, mar'd then
Hope's blossoms mild; when glow'd the tender mind
Serene as lucid lake, unmov'd by passing wind.

August, 1813.

J. M. B.

FAITHLESS LOUISA.

Oh! tell me not that love is fled,
Nor longer warms thy soul;
Oh! tell me not thy breast is dead
To all his dear controul!
Oh! tell me not that joy is flown,
And join'd love's truant flight;
Oh! tell me not thou 'rt left to moan
In cheerless sorrow's night!
Oh! tell me not you 've sworn to die
For faithless woman's wiles;
Oh! tell me not you thus can sigh
For lost Louisa's smiles!
She claims not now your sigh of grief,
Nor e'er deserv'd your love;
Some other fair shall give relief,
And joy again thou'lt prove!

J. M. LA CEY.

LINES WRITTEN ON QUITTING SIDMOUTH.

SIDMOUTH! sweet vale, where peace and gladness dwell,
 Where smiles Hygæia on the happy few
 That court her favours 'mid thy rustic dell,
 Thy rapturing scenes I now must bid adieu!
 I sigh to think thy blooming meads no more,
 No more thy sea-beat shore, shall meet my view,
 My transient gleam of joy, alas! is o'er,
 And falteringly my lips pronounce adieu!
 Yet does the fond persuasion, that thy fame
 Shall flourish fair for many a future year,
 Lighten the gloom my fancy that o'ercame,
 And to my soul the grateful thought is dear.
 That thy all-gentle clime shall health supply
 To such as 'mid thy glen the goddess seek;
 Recal bright joy to many a languid eye,
 And sickness chase from many a pallid cheek!

April, 1811.

W. E. jun.

ON BEAUTY.

Beauty ensnares with secret charm,
 Does every hostile thought disarm;
 The swelling breast where passion reigns,
 At beauty, all its wrath restrains.
 Prostrate, ten thousand vot'ries bend,
 To this we sacrifice the friend;
 Nor, proof against its powerful spell,
 The crowned head or tyrant fell.
 Beauty irradiates the face,
 Plants thereon irresistless grace;
 The fetter'd captive frees again,
 And binds him with a softer chain.
 This spreads supreme from pole to pole,
 Enslaves the savage's harden'd soul;
 Pervades Kamtschatka's frozen shore,
 The idol that its sons adore,
 For one kind smile, o'er fields of snow,
 They, with unwearied footsteps go,

Nor shrink, though hills of ice appear,
Or slippery frozen whirlpool's near.
Alike its power in torrid climes,
And there it captivates betimes ;
The sun-burnt Africk stems the tide,
Glad to be near his promis'd bride.
But beauty, join'd with virtue too,
So strong, does wisdom e'en subdue ;
Connected, shine more clear and bright
Than all the countless orbs of light.
Respect is won from every heart,
Untinctur'd by the forms of art,
A universal theme of love,
Which heavenly spirits might approve.
Let then the female sex desire
This admiration to inspire,
Do good, when opportunity is shown,
With magic kindness all their own.
Then shall the voice of fame present
An everlasting monument,
Proof against envy and decay,
'Till heaven roll earth and time away.

M.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

What, snatch'd from all the joy of life and youth,
Is he then gone, whose mind reflected truth?
Hark ! 'tis the solemn peal that strikes my ear,
And wakes the tribute due to worth, a tear !
Accept it, William, to thy memory due,
The pure and genuine drop of sorrow true.
No more the social joy shalt thou impart,
Or flush with hope the fond maternal heart,
In brighter realms above, thy virtues shine,
Free from alloy, and join'd in bliss divine.
Where is thy sting, O Death ? the pain is fled,
Tho' thy sharp arrows beat around his head :
He welcom'd death, and like a seraph smil'd,
Repos'd in peace from cares, and ills beguil'd.

RETROP

THE DEW-DROP.

The Dew-drop which fell from the wing of the morning,
 And it's moisture bestow'd on the violet pale,
 Is like pity's tear, thy sweet eyelid adorning,
 At the hapless account of some sorrowful tale!
 The ray of the sun, forth in majesty beaming,
 Which chas'd the soft Dew-drop for ever away,
 Is like beauty's smile, from thine azure eye streaming,
 Which rivals in splendour the brightness of day!
 When beauty and virtue together uniting,
 In those who are dear to our bosoms we see;
 They're sweeter than odours the senses delighting,
 Or the scents that are cull'd from the frankincense tree!

EDWIN.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AS most of our Correspondents have contributed to ORA'S Volume of POEMS, to be published by Subscription; they will, no doubt, be gratified by our having taken the earliest opportunity of reviewing the first edition of these Poems, and of presenting them with a Prospectus for a Second Edition of the Work. At the same time, we have great pleasure in announcing that her List of Subscribers is fast increasing.

We beg to observe to OSCAR, that we are sorry for the taste and judgement of the Editor who could refuse the Correspondence of OSCAR and AGNES on the ground of its possessing only an exclusive interest; we are extremely sorry that this gentleman ever had any concern in the publication; since all the productions of these two valuable Correspondents possess intrinsic merit; and such conduct must have had a tendency to injure rather than benefit the work.—If OSCAR will trouble himself to refer to a neat edition of *C. Smith's Sonnets*, he will find it not unusual to separate the *double Sonnet* with a small rule; but his request shall in future be carefully attended to. C. B. S's poem, and several favours, in our next.

We misconstrued a respectable Correspondent's Letter, inserted last month, with a Donation to ORA; and are happy to rectify our mistake; that Letter alludes only to the Gentleman's means not being proportioned to the extent of his wishes on so interesting an occasion.

✍ From motives of Convenience and Economy, the Proprietor intends to publish the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM at his own House; all Letters and Parcels for this Publication are, therefore, requested to be sent (addressed to the Editor) to J. W. H. PAYNE'S, No. 20, Warwick-Square, Newgate-Street; where a Letter-Box will be placed, and Orders for the Work will be diligently attended to.





Zoffney Pinx.

H.R. Cook Sculp.

M^{rs} Baddely.

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